

Family of 14 Live on \$3,000 Yearly Salary

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER.
Professor in the University of Kansas and An Authority on Social Problems.

How would you like to have a jolly group of an even dozen small children, ranging from seven months to twenty-one years? Counting father and mother, the entire family here considered numbers fourteen souls, all of whom live under one roof, and all are making a most creditable showing.

It is a pleasure for me to give a brief account of this happy family of 14 to some perplexed parents who have been writing to me for advice and assistance in the management of their individual child. The father of the family of 14 is regularly employed at a salary of about \$3,000 per year, and two or three of the older children have small incomes, a sufficient amount to cover their individual expenses.

"How do they do it?" you ask. Well, that is easy. In the first place, the family were sensible enough to get early in their married career to obtain a small suburban plot of three acres and to fill this well as a permanent home. A substantial part of the livelihood of all. Also, from the very start, the parents were frugal. While they lived comfortably, not a cent was wasted, and every small amount that could be saved was put into the family fund. The father's salary was not a large sum, but it was a steady one.

Not only the number on the farm, but the number of the place—all these have sort of grown up together. A modest three-room cottage has been built on the place, and now occupies a very commodious and modern home of 10 to 11 rooms. The father has been intensively tilled, and its energy carefully conserved until it is far richer today than it was a score of years ago.

Six happy boys and six happy girls constitute this delightful family group. Every child big enough to weed an onion bed has been taught to do either this or something of equal value. Every member participates in a scheme of family co-operation. Considering his years, each child is remarkably self-reliant and self-sustaining, and all

THE TOWNIE GOSSIP

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)
BY K. C. B.

OUT OF the window.
OF OUR apartment.
I CAN look right down.
ON A plot of ground.
WHERE ONCE on a time,
THERE WAS a house.
AND IT'S now green lawn.
WITH THREE stone steps.
THAT RUN to the street.
AND THE other day,
WHEN THE sun was bright,
AN OLD man came.
WITH FEWBLE steps.
AND SAT him down.
ON THE stone stairway.
AND REMOVED his hat.
AND MOPPED his brow.
AND A little tot.
WHO LIVES close by,
CAME DOWN the street.
AND I saw her stop.
WHERE THE old man was.
AND GAZE at him.
AND HERBATE.
AND THEN step over.
AND TALK to him.
AND I saw his arm.
GO AROUND the child.
AND I saw her hand.
TOUCH HIS pure white hair.
AND FROM what I know.
OF LITTLE wee girls.
I ALMOST imagined.
I COULD hear her ask.
HOW IT came so white.
AND SHE talked.
AND THE sun beat down.
AND THERE was no shade.
AND ALL at once.
THE LITTLE blond girl.
SLIPPED OUT of the arm.
OF THE wee old man.
AND HURRIED away.
AND I wondered why.
TILL A moment later.
I SAW her come.
AND HER short little steps.
WERE SLOW and sure.
AND IN her right hand.
WAS A water glass.
AND IT trembled a little.
AND SPILLED a little.
BUT WAS still quite full.
WHEN SHE reached her goal.
AND THE old man drank.
AND WIPED his lips.
AND REPLACED his hat.
AND LET her believe.
THAT SHE helped him up.
AND SHE went with him.
AND HELD his hand.
WHILE HE crossed the street.
WHERE THE autos came.
AND THE old man bowed.
AND SHE waited there.
TILL THE road was clear.
AND THEN ran back.
WITH HER little gold curls.
FLYING FREE with the wind.
I THANK you.

STARS INCLINE DON'T COMPEL HOROSCOPE FOR THE COMING DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1920. (Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Astrologers read this as an unfortunate day, since Saturn and Uranus are in bad aspect. Jupiter, however, is in a place that promises aid to humanity.

All the signs seem to indicate an access of national energy and an awakening to the urge of the current events. Enterprises of every sort is well directed. Great courage in business ventures is foretold.

While men and women, too, are subject to astral forces that make for discontent and unrest, this period of reconstruction will bring about conditions most favorable to the progress of society.

Uranus is read as forecasting books and plays that will be extremely critical of women in their new relations as voters, and the women are advised to be exceedingly wise in all their public activities, for the stars presage many campaigns of gossip and even scandal.

Labor continues subject to a way that promises continued disturbances. These may not be uniform or apparently centralized, but they will produce sectional results.

The seeds declare that the planetary aspects denote that the world revolution is as recognizable in the United States as elsewhere and they urge an awakening to the real significance of current events.

Both Saturn and Uranus exercise great power over the human mind, despite the away of other planets. This means a conflict between old traditions and the new, and they will become prominent as factors in a great reform movement.

On a Saturday morning five of the children were at work in the new spring garden, some of which was already sown. The mother was directing their movements through advice to one of the older girls, but was remaining in the house with the infant.

Now, let my many readers take warning. It is from just such busy, self-reliant family groups as this one just described that we must look to for growth and elements for our future society. If these continue to grow and develop in accordance with the remarkable plan now being applied to their lives, the coming year will be one of the most fruitful in the history of the world.

Children born on this day are likely to have careers that proceed smoothly and advantageously.

There is heartfelt gratitude that the gift was spared. A real American woman will not sell paradise. A humane milliner will not sell paradise, and one who knows the story of paradise feathers will never want to possess any or see anyone else wear them.

The fact that each of the nine plumes of that hat cost \$500 may stir some people who are not in the habit of spending hundreds of dollars for hats, but the real cost of those paradise feathers cannot be estimated in dollars. The real cost would not only stir but it would shock and horrify any but a brutal nature. The fact that it is torn from the last of the poor bird and that it is then left in a mangled, torn condition to die, is surely reason enough for anyone to refuse a hat with \$4,500 worth of paradise on it.

Although Mrs. Deschanel refused the hat for political and business reasons, we like to think that she at least thought of the poor birds who were so needlessly sacrificed and that her refusal will act as a needed rebuke to those American milliners who used the forbidden feathers forming the trimming.

A successful wife is one who can preserve domestic peace, without preserving her own personality, as the price.

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UNCLE WIGGILY'S BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BILLIE'S CLAPPER.

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Do you want anything from the store, Nurse Jane?" asked Uncle Wiggily one day, as he started out from his new hollow stump bungalow, that had been rebuilt after the fire.

"I wish you'd bring me something to stop my headache," answered the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I am lying down so I will not get up to say good-by, or wish you many happy adventures. But when you come back please bring me some assafraas tea for my head."

"I will not go looking for adventure," he added. "I'll go to the drug store, get you some medicine and then I'll come back and put a cold water rag on your aching head."

"Oh, Nurse Jane, you did not say that," said the muskrat lady, and a little later, when Mr. Longears had been to the store, he returned, gave her the assafraas tea, and then put on her aching head a cold rag.

"Oh, I feel much better now," said Nurse Wiggily. "I think I'll go to sleep."

"I'll keep everything nice and quiet," said Uncle Wiggily, and he went out, shutting the door, to leave Nurse Jane in a darkened room, but just as he thought he was alone, he heard a sound like a rabbit began to sing in a cherry tree outside the door.

"What's that?" said Uncle Wiggily, and he went out, shutting the door, to leave Nurse Jane in a darkened room, but just as he thought he was alone, he heard a sound like a rabbit began to sing in a cherry tree outside the door.

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Wife Finds Letter In Husband's Coat

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Recently I found a letter in my husband's coat pocket from a woman in New Orleans. I live in a small town. Could I engage a detective to look into it and also his past life? If so, please tell me how to go about it.

UNDECEITFUL.
As you have me no information as to what was in the letter I can only advise you. It might have been a business letter so far as I know, but I guess it wasn't.

Fashion's Forecast
By Annela Worthington.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a boy of 23, and am in love with a mighty girl of 20 or 30. I love her dearly and she loves me. My friend has asked me to go with her. She has promised to wait for me. Please advise me what to do, but please do not advise me to look back on this affair as a huge joke.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Please tell me if there is any harm in a girl going to college. My friend has asked me to go with her. She has promised to wait for me. Please advise me what to do, but please do not advise me to look back on this affair as a huge joke.

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As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

A VOTE OF THANKS TO MADAME.

The refusal of Mme. Deschanel, wife of the president of the French republic, to accept the \$5,000 hat as a gift from the American milliners will, at least, please the bird lovers of this country even if it does offend the milliners.

The United States, which drew up the plans and specifications of the hat to consist of paradise feathers, silk and lace, may have meant all right. They may have meant all right. They may have meant all right.

Had the hat been made of silk, straw, flowers, ostrich or almost anything else, all the sympathy would have been with the American milliners who so magnanimously designed and executed a hat only to have it left on the milliners and very favorably impressed with the madame.

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